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AMERICAN FUND FOR FRENCH WOUNDED

(COMITÉ AMÉRICAIN POUR LES BLESSÉS FRANÇAIS)
RECOGNISED AND APPROVED BY THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT

COOPERATING WITH THE AMERICAN RED CROSS

ALCAZAR D'ÉTÉ, AVENUE GABRIEL, (CHAMPS-ÉLYSÉES) PARIS

MONTHLY REPORT

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Coöperation of the A.F.F.W. with the American Red Cross

WHAT coöperation with the American Red Cross meant to our organization was perfectly expressed by Mrs. Benjamin Lathrop, President of the Board of Administration of the American Fund for French Wounded in France, when, early in October she spoke with enthusiasm of the affiliation of the two Societies.

She said it would be difficult to outline in detail the work of the future, but she could assure the people in America that the identity of the American Fund for French Wounded would be preserved; that this organization of women would carry on its work in the future as it had in the past; that cooperation with the Red Cross would mean for the future a greater facility for extending relief both in hospital and in emergency work.

She said the terms of coöperation would give great confidence to the organization in America. Many of the members who have built up this society felt a keen disappointment in thinking that their work might lose its independence through the coming of a national organization in France, but, on the contrary, they were now to learn that the American Red Cross Commission in France, through their help and encouragement, had filled all workers on this side with enthusiasm, and the results would be a far greater achievement than could have been expected from any individual society alone.

Now that our new relations are established and in running order, we are glad to be able to prove the justness of Mrs. Lathrop's statements. We are profiting largely of the special privileges of the more powerful National Society. The Alcazar d'Été presents today the same spectacle of animation and hard work that it did a year ago. With

enormous and it depends entirely upon the volume of supplies which we receive from home to make us one of the most important organizations in France.

We have the distinction of being an entirely voluntary society. We were not called upon. We devined a serious need and offered to fill it. More than that, we have filled it to overflowing and we must never do less. For what we have offered freely must continue until the cause no longer exists. Until the French Wounded have become a part of a glorious past in which we have had the privilege of playing a rôle.

The need has never been greater than at this moment. France is entering her fourth year of war. Think of what it means! Four years of sacrifice and unbroken tension.

The very name of the American Fund for French Wounded is the most vital symbol of our admiration and alliance and it should be seen everywhere.

Coöperation with the American Red Cross makes everything possible. Our Committees at home can work on with the assurance that the glorious wounded of France are still their charge and that there is not a hospital but that counts on the generosity of the American Fund for French Wounded.



Officers of the American Red Cross on their way to France

America entering the war, we have gained such prestige that to live up to it we must work harder than ever before.

The hospitals that depend on our aid and which we have been assisting for the last two years naturally still look to us in their need, so for this vast field of action, we demand more material.

Our possibilities of development are

With Our Workers in the Meuse

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A Home in the Ruins

OUR first stop in the Meuse was at Bar. From there we continued our route, following the old Roman road north towards Verdun, that Via Sacra over which all armies, since there have been armies, have passed and over which those who wish can see the ghosts of many generations of fighters pass up and down.

Our destination was a village at a cross-road, an inconceivably dusty village, consisting of small groups of shabby forlorn houses, built closely together along several diverging roadways that lead to some of the important fighting lines.

The first night we spent there was that of Monday August 20th, and no sooner were we settled down quietly in our cots, listening to the Poilus talking over their field kitchen in the next orchard, than the guns began with redoubled vigour; they had been thundering since early in the afternoon and we were conscious of a startlingly different drone from that we were so familiar with. Then more and more, nearer and nearer, till it seemed as if the skies were full of sound. Then suddenly close to us an anti-aircraft began belching forth fire amid the crackling reports of the "mitrailleuses."

It was really very alarming; but, as we did not know then, although we suspected the fact, that the Taubes were over head, we did not have the sense to be really frightened. I looked out of the tent several times to see the skies ablaze with searchlights and the glare of the battle that was won that night. This all lasted till about one o'clock in the morning, when we were able to sleep for a little while. At

four A.M., the great guns at Verdun awoke us again and the hillside fairly shook.

In the morning we were cheerfully informed that the advance of four kilometres had been well accomplished and that we were firmly ensconced in positions that we had been attempting to take for nearly two years; but also that

the German planes that had been over us had accomplished a fair amount of damage in a hospital near where we were stopping. All that morning the wounded came pouring in, many burnt by a new asphyxiating gas, a gas that is imperceptible at first; but that burns after having impregnated clothing and lungs. Its action is so corrosive that some of the nurses told me their arms had been badly blistered while dressing the wounds.

The field hospital at C... accomodates about four hundred men and it was about full when we went through its wards. These latter are wooden huts, built on a gently sloping hillside, connected by covered rustic ways and long central covered loggias. The nurses have taken great pride in making it as cheerful a spot as possible and one wonders how they are able to accomplish all they do with their restricted means. The hospital is devoted mainly to fracture cases; and it is very interesting to see that the majority of them are being treated by the Dakin-Carrel method. One of the first things the chief surgeon asked us for was a supply of Dakin rubber tubes that are getting to be more and more difficult to obtain here.

From the store we had with us, we were able to give several hundred cushions and a great case of flannel bandages. These last were needed to suspend fractured limbs from what looked like most elaborate scaffolding erected over the beds.

Several of these field hospitals were visited during our trip, notably one large evacuation hospital nearer the Front where some four thousand patients can

be accommodated in the huts that are built in long lines close by the railroad tracks. From there the wounded are distributed further south, while those who are to be sent to nearer hospitals are shifted in the American Ambulances. A number of the huts are devoted to the care of German wounded prisoners and we saw many of them being brought down in the Ambulances.

One of our errands at this hospital was to procure the gas mask that an official had ordered us to secure because, owing to the proximity of the German aeroplanes, it was unwise for any members of the civilian or military population to be without them. They are horrible things to have to wear; the smell of the chemicals in the inside padded surface is almost stifling.

Some of our time was devoted to visiting destroyed villages, of which there are a great many scattered all around. The most accessible ones are the villages that were destroyed during the battle of the Marne; the villagers shortly afterwards having returned to their destroyed homes and settled themselves as well as they could in their ruins. The Government has given some of them temporary quarters built uniformly of two rooms, bed room and a combination kitchen and living room. These have gradually been fitted up with the very barest necessities.

I went from one house to another at V.... and everywhere I was told the same story. In this particular village there is not a house intact, except the small thirteenth century church; that, being a "monument historique" has been restored by the State, stone for stone, carving for carving, the way it was before. There, for the first time since 1914, several Communes assembled this week for the administration of the first Communion, the Bishop of Verdun himself coming down for the ceremony.

Everywhere we went we were overwhelmed with modest gifts, and there was no refusing anything. "You have helped us so much that we want to show how deeply we feel what has been done for us, and the only way we can do this is by giving you some of the produce of our hard work."

I am only citing these as some of the things I have seen personally; I dare not tell you of many other things, for I know that beyond a certain point, we must say nothing. All honor to those who are helping in this struggle.

ANNA MURRAY VAIL.

A Boys' Carpentry Shop at Blérancourt

IN a part of the ruin of Chateau Blérancourt is an old shop. It is now partially filled with empty American Fund for French Wounded cases. Around its door, bobbing eagerly in and out, every day during the summer school vacation, has been a group of enthusiastic boys, working under the guidance of Mlle. Hickel.

Coming, as they do, from homes destroyed or partially destroyed, from families, some of whose members are prisoners in Germany or soldiers at the Front, there is something distinctly salutary in the sight of these children, developing their powers, learning a trade, and making furniture necessary to fill the corners of empty houses.

Back of Mlle. Hickel's work is a novel story. When the war started she foresaw that many refugees would be left without any furniture. She knew that in the garrets of Versailles, where she lives, were motley collections of legless chairs, or broken tables, of all kinds of household furnishings. As such they were useless. As she could reform them, with her skill in furniture making, they would be priceless. Enlisting aid she set about to collect this furniture which was willingly given. She established a shop where soldiers and "réformés" who had been joiners and carpenters before the war helped her in renovating and re-building old furniture. Hundreds of refugee families have been, and are being, supplied with household necessities from this shop.

But Mlle Hickel also foresaw the more constructive worth of teaching this trade to the boys in the devastated area, teaching it not only as a trade but also with an application to social development. Therefore she joined the Civilian Division at Blérancourt.

Here, before the closing of school, a class of ten boys from Blérancourt and Camelin worked. Now, they are working in their school holidays.

Here is Robert Klaus. His father and brother of fourteen years are civilian prisoners in Germany. Robert himself has partially lost his eyesight because of the privations he suffered during the German occupation. He cannot easily read. But he can build.

He was given an empty case, asked to measure it (as are all the boys), to judge of its weight, and to tell what he could make of it. He decided on a double shelf. He drew the design for it and then executed it. Moreover, this

was a finished shelf, carefully planed and outlined by a moulding. And the joining of the angles of this moulding had to be done without a protractor. It took some time, but when it was done it was well done. The object in this work is to allow each boy to do the work himself, ignoring and conquering the difficulties, and no work is left until the desired result is obtained. Not one boy has hesitated to make and re-make, to do and do again until his work is as perfect as he can make it.

One day Maurice Cornier, ten years old, took home to his mother a kitchen table which he had made himself. His father was wounded at Verdun, and his grandparents and uncle are prisoners with the Germans. His home, and the farm on which it stood near Audignicourt were completely destroyed. The house in Blérancourt in which they now live lacked a kitchen table. And Maurice—the man of the house, now—undertook to make it. It was a sturdy table, with well-planed, tapering legs—all made by direct design.

The mother of Robert Vaillant wanted and needed some rabbits. The Civilian Division had them to give to her, but she had no place to put them. For his material he took one case for the house, and cut boards from another for the roof which he perforated. He gathered material for the feet of the cage from the debris that came from some roofs being repaired at the Chateau. He found some treillis work for the door and some old iron hinges in the ruins. And the only expense was twenty-five centimes for a hook!

This work in the class is the result of a collaboration between all the boys.

They learn to handle all the tools, and they are stimulated by competition. Each works for all, and all work for each. The effect of this has been a desire to work for others. Four of the boys made a work-table, and at their own suggestion, gave it to an aged refugee at Blérancourt whose home had been completely destroyed.

For another poor woman the class made a hen-house with a roost and a granary. Materials used: two cases, wood from trees cut down by the Germans, and hinges found in the debris. They made the door particularly large, so that the house could be easily cleaned as they said.

Cleanliness is a subject of growing interest since the Civilian Division came to Blérancourt.

The types of the objects which the class has made have been built in different patterns according to the place in which they were to be put.

In three weeks, ten boys who never before had done any carpentry work, varying in age from ten to twelve years, made:

Three rabbit houses with roofs; three, without roofs; four benches; three tables; two toilette tables; one double shelf and one hen-house.

This is one result—an output of useful things. And the other and more lasting results are: a development of initiative; a training in a trade; a change from a passive to a joyous vitality; and a growing social consciousness.



Mlle. Hickel's Carpentry Shop

Our Depot at Nancy



Our Distributing Center at Nancy

SO quickly has the time passed it is difficult to realize that the Nancy Depot is nearly three months old. We are now well established, and I think I may safely say that the A.F.F.W. has many warm and appreciative friends in this beautiful but sorely tried region of Lorraine. What memories and facts that name awakens,—the fierce battles that took place in the early days of the war, the desolate and destroyed villages, the thousands of refugees, half of this department still in the hands of the enemy—but in spite of all sorrow and suffering past and present, the spirit and courage of the people in and behind the lines remains undaunted, and their determination to hold on until victory is still unshaken.

A great deal of time has been given to visiting the Ambulances along this section of the front, with and under the guidance of Monsieur Mirman, Prefet of the department, and it has been most interesting work. In most cases the Ambulances are in wooden barracks, eight or ten in a group, usually situated some six or eight kilometres from the front on outskirts of a small village where troops are billeted. It is surprising to see how well installed these Ambulances are, with good operating rooms and each barrack its *salle de pansements*. The wards are heated and fairly comfortable. Only men are employed as nurses and it is rather touching to see the attempts they have made to make the rooms more cheerful with flowers and autumn leaves, and when obtainable, papers and

books and games. But the grimness of war is not to be hidden, for over each bed hangs a gas mask ready for use at the first alarm, which is sounded by bells or horns placed in each building.

As we had about finished the tour of one of the Ambulances the Médecin Chef asked if we cared to see two *boche* prisoners who had been brought in the day before, two boys of hardly more than twenty, one slightly, the other badly wounded. If a wave of pity was awakened it died instantly when the doctor told us that the papers found on them showed they had been given twenty-five marks and granted twenty-one days leave as an incentive to bring back an American prisoner. We left with a feeling of satisfaction that the tables had been turned and that these two Germans would never capture one of our own men.

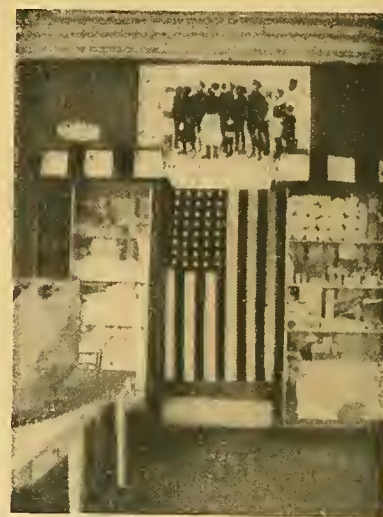
On our return to the Ambulance a few days later to deliver the supplies asked for, we inquired about the Germans. They were still there and one more had been added to the list. As they had complained of the cold, they had been moved into a room that was heated; they got good care and plenty of food, and are well content with their lot. I cite this incident merely to prove the "inhuman way" that the French treat their prisoners.

A delightful experience was a visit to the two Ambulances of the—Division, one of the most celebrated of the Army of France. It has so covered itself with glory that all rewards are exhausted and the government has had to create a new emblem. The two Ambulances are in different villages, one for "*petits blessés*" and "*malades*", the other for severely wounded cases.

When the Médecin Chef told me that his ambition was to see all of his men clothed in our warm and comfortable pyjamas I felt we had to make good, and we did, but it has left many empty shelves. I am not worrying over that, however, as I feel sure that thanks to our indefatigable workers at home the void will soon be filled,

We reached the Ambulance as they were taking in twenty badly wounded men straight from the trenches, and before we left most of these men had been bathed, their wounds dressed, or the necessary operation done, and put carefully to bed.

We had gone laden with some of our choicest comfort bags, and fortunately



A well stocked Corner

had a sufficient number to give to each of these new comers, and even the greatest sufferer had a smile and word of thanks for the message of cheer sent by "*Notre Grande Sœur*," as they affectionately term our country.

The severe blow that has been hurled at Italy has sent France and England to her aid, and it will please our committees at home to know that the mouse has been able to help the lion. We had sudden calls from several of the regiments that have been quartered in this region, and we were able to give generously to five Ambulances that have been ordered off. The gratitude felt and expressed for the bandages, dressings, and warm clothing was so deep that it should reach even the ears of the hard workers at home. And they may be sure that they and their efforts will be held in grateful memory for many a day by these particular regiments.

This sudden call has sadly depleted our stock, and I must make a strong and urgent appeal to all our friends to send us large supplies of warm clothing, especially socks, flannel day and hospital shirts, pyjamas and warm underwear. These are the Big Needs, and every day brings new requests. Do not forget that winter is here, that coal is more than difficult to obtain and that France has born the brunt of this war for over three years, and the drain upon her and her resources has been heavy and unceasing.

M. L. DAWSON.

The Founding of a New Depot

Amiens, Oct. 1917.

Mesdames ;

The Amiens Branch is installed at 21, rue Dijon, under the protection of the military bureau of the T.P.T. Everyone has been simply fine in lending a helping hand. In spite of very heavy work in our ambulance driving, I have cleaned, made my shelves, unpacked and ranged at least two thirds of my "wares". We have two large sunny rooms on the first floor with a big room below where we place our cases and unpack. There is central heating and open fire places and Lieutenant N... promises me all the wood we want (they collect it from the old trenches). All his conductors as well as ours have turned to and helped and Captain J... has let me use my car for transporting and delivering—for I have made two deliveries,—really three, counting the petits coussins for the station depot of the trains sanitaires. Also he has given orders that I am to be given every liberty and aided in every possible way. The only way in which I could repay all this has been to give the drivers each a sweater or muffler and socks. I hope you will approve, for they well deserve and need it. Many of

them are from the North and have mighty little covering. The Government hasn't yet distributed winter things and I can tell you it's cold driving these nights. Every three days now, we are on the move for most of the twenty-four hours, as there are plenty of refugees to care for and at least two trains sanitaires per night. I never could have handled our work all alone if it had not been for the help given by everyone. Our fine old mechanic doesn't let me touch my car, except to drive, saying that I have enough work without greasing! And he even insists on going with me when I drive at night, in case I should be *en panne*! Our sacs de surprises and the woollen things have been a joy, but they do go quickly for there is an endless stream of wounded passing through here, either on their way back to the front or "*à l'intérieur*". I loaded my car the other day and started for Hopital 112. One of the doctors had given me a list of all the men from the invaded region. Luckily I added extra bags, for when I entered a baraque explaining that I unfortunately hadn't enough bags for all, the men were very considerate and unselfish about it, only they *did* look wistful: I suddenly hit

on the idea to put up three or four bags as a lottery and the sudden burst of hilarity and eagerness showed how much they had cared. I left about twelve *salles* rejoicing but there are fourteen that I didn't visit and which I suppose are watching the gates! I am going to make an effort tomorrow to look over fifty more bags with Madame Delarue's help and get up there with them. I see that each bag has a pair of socks, tobacco if necessary, and a message—that last is the hardest task. I do wish people would put in a letter! You can see that bags are going to disappear rapidly even with but one visit to each hospital. I am hoping for some instructions from you soon as to funds, etc., and one last question—have we any refugee or civilian things that I could have for a few of the conductrices working here with me? Some of them are from the North and most of them in need. Their shoes are made of paper or about that quality and they look longingly at the sweaters and mufflers I have given the few men we have. Naturally I have not felt at liberty to give to them—even if they are *militaires*.

Very sincerely,

(Signed) CLARA G. PERRY.

Poste de Secours

THE first serious medical aid which a wounded man receives is at the Poste de Secours. These mobile installations are generenally at 3 or 4 kilometres from the front line of trenches. Always subject to bombardment, they are as artfully hidden away and protected as is possible. They must be fully équipé for surgical purposes and yet capable of packing up and getting out within a few moments notice. The French, excel in anything of this sort. Their ingenuity has full play and the combinations which they imagine and execute are extremely amusing and practical. A complete surgical paraphernalia, with dressings, instruments and the rest must fit into a few cases; for very limited transportation facilities are allowed.

From the Poste de Secours, the wounded are sent to the nearest Railway stations, where hospital trains transport them throughout France. The most severely wounded are cared for within a few kilometres of where they fell, until they can be sent further to the rear without danger.

The adjoining photograph with a warm letter of thanks was forwarded to

us from a Poste de Secours to which we had sent some cases of woollen things and bandages. The General of that particular division distributed our gifts



Three Kilomètres from the Trenches

himself and expressed his thanks to us for what we had been able to do for his men.

It is a little surprising to find a Major General taking the trouble to distribute the contents of a few bails and cases, but the fact proves how highly warm things are valued at the front and above all that the A.E.F.W. holds a special place in the sentiment and affection of the French army. To them it is a bit of the U.S.A. they have visited and known; that they care for and that has cared for them. A regular ceremony has been made of the arrival of some dozens of our sweaters and socks. It is flattering but it is more than that; it is a gesture of real fraternity and appreciation of which we are justly proud.

And you workers at home, who are inclined to feel that knitting sweaters is dull work, who have made so many socks that you do it mechanically now without thinking of the men who are to wear them, who are even beginning to wonder if it is worth while and if one pair more or less can make any difference; just try to imagine for a minute how cold it is in a Poste de Secours and then picture *your* socks being distributed by a Major General.

What our Motor Service is Doing

IN two years of constant effort and steady growth, our Motor Service has gained a name and become a familiar sight throughout France.

These American girls who do men's work and do it well have appealed to the French imagination and sentimentality. Their task is not an easy one. Long stretches of muddy roads, days of wind and rain, or dust and heat, cleaning, repairing, bruises and heavy responsibilities are their lot.

Miss Casparis, of Columbus, has been from the beginning the "chef" of this department and with her nine aids (Miss Bradley, English, Henderson, Greenough, Mitchell and Stevens, Mrs. Chester, Crean and Goday), has established a service of which we are all proud. We never miss an emergency call. Our cars are rarely out of service.

A glance at the adjoining map will give an idea of the areas we have covered, not once but many times, which represents an enormous mileage.

In delivering over practically the whole of France, there is one thing we have noticed with satisfaction, everywhere and under all circumstances our drivers have been greeted and helped with the greatest enthusiasm and courtesy.

The peasants in the fields and the villageois have always a bright work and a spare hand when needed. A Poilu by the roadside or a lorry driver passing by is the best of "camarades."

Solidarity prevails everywhere but nowhere more so than on the high road. After all, we are bent upon the same work, following the same ideal. What could be more binding! All for one and one for all has become the device throughout France.

Each of our depots has its ambulance and a driver who is sometimes dame de magasin, chauffeuse, ambulancière and visiteuse rolled into one. Thirty-six hours work on a stretch is not unlikely, for when some big military movement is on and one is called upon to aid in transporting the wounded there can be no refusal and the distributing service of the depot must go on just the same.

In spite of the hard work there is not one of our depot drivers who would exchange her job for a softer one because nowhere else would she come into such direct contact with the soldier and military life. Immediate results are so encouraging and nothing is like the moral stimulus of the "front."

To drive for a depot is a reward of merit. Only drivers who have been with the Society for a long time and have been tried out can aspire to the position. Good health and above all steady nerves and staying qualities, are absolutely necessary requirements.

The Paris Motor Service exacts long hours and cars as shining as a millionaire's limousine. Saturday is devoted to a general cleaning and the garage seems a chaos of dripping machines, odd pieces, rubber hose and girls in jumpers. Manicured finger tips are things of the past, that past which no one regrets. It would be difficult for the workers of today to fit into the old narrow groove of yesterday.

Driving about Paris is a strenuous affair. There are fewer taxis than before the war, but if they lack numbers, they make it up by their break-neck speed.

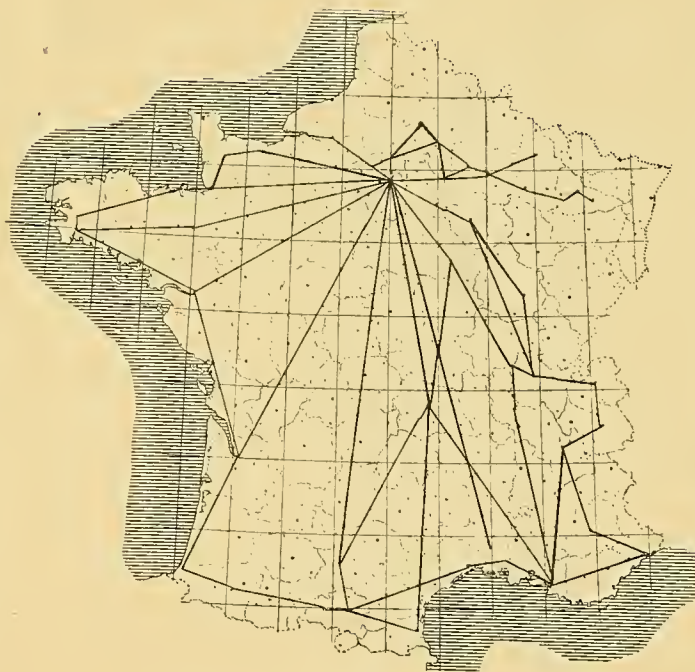
One often sees three of them trying to rush their way through a space for one and somehow they come out the other side intact. Heavy traffic is very intense. Towards evening driving becomes particularly difficult for there are so few lights and the pace hasn't abated the least bit. It takes all one's eyes not to run down pedestrians or some amiable Sergeant de Ville who claims the right to stand where he pleases.

In these days of complex and concentrated action, the most perfected railroad systems are insufficient to meet the crushing demands brought upon them. The famous endless chain of lorries which supplied Verdun night and day during its immortal defence of two years ago, is perhaps one of the most astonishing "tour de force" of the war. From there to a modest transport service of twelve light machines and a lorry, is a long way, but the principle is the same and the spirit also.

Each \$1,500 check means another automobile to aid in our growing work. We should double our forces within the next few months, and we make an appeal to American Generosity to help us. Those at home who have sent ambulances and cars to France and who keep them up are aiding the cause mightily for not a day passes without their effort bearing a thousandfold. If they were conscious of the amount of gratitude and relief which an ambulance evokes, they would feel more than repaid for any sacrifice they may have made in giving.



Anywhere in France



Roads our Cars have Travelled

AMERICAN RED CROSS ACTIVITIES

Among the Children at Toul, Nesle and Evian

AT Toul in the Meurthe-et-Moselle is established the first Civilian Relief work of the American Red Cross. It began on July 26th when Monsieur Mirman, Prefect of the Meurthe-et-Moselle, appealed to Mrs. Isabel Lathrop of the A.F.F.W. for help with the problem of the children who had been driven back into Toul from the *gassed* villages near. Mrs. Lathrop brought the appeal to the American Red Cross. The Red Cross decided it was just the kind of an appeal they desired to answer. That was the beginning of the work at Toul. Now the Caserne du Luxembourg, where over 400 children and their mothers are housed, may, if hopes are realised, become one of the big health centers of the district. Dr. Julius P. Sedgwick became the director late in August and with the constant help and advice of Prefect Mirman and the assistance of the A.F.F.W. the work has grown splendidly to meet the ever increasing demands.

The Caserne du Luxembourg consists of 10 cement batements, five for refugees, 2 for hospitals, 1 for school, 1 for kitchen, 1 for storeroom. There are 7 pavillons besides the batements—2 for school teachers, 3 for staff and two under constructions, 1 garage, 1 laundry.

The original staff of nine workers is now 29: doctors, nurses, laboratory experts, kindergartener, aides, ambulance and camionette drivers, etc. The small acute hospital of 80 beds for the sick children is now running, thanks to the generous cooperation of the A.F.F.W., and the dispensary service to the neighboring cities and towns has begun. The Doctor in charge of that service has already examined over 500 children in the outlying districts and the sickest children have been brought back to the hospital.

The work among the mothers of the children; the schools for the children with teachers supplied by the Government; the industrial work for the boys; all is being worked out at the big Caserne du Luxembourg.

Prefect Mirman's splendid vision for the future of the people in his care—the equipping of them as far as possible—by work, sewing, carpentry, gardening etc., to take up their lives again in their



It Requires Tact as Well as Water to Bath a French Baby

beloved villages, is one of the most inspiring aspects of the work in the Meurthe-et-Moselle. In every possible way, Prefect Mirman has helped the American Red Cross in their efforts to aid him with his problem. The health problem of the children, specially in these districts of devastation and constant danger to the civilian population, is a very vital one and the development of the work at the Caserne du Luxembourg at Toul seems to be the type of work just fitted to reach the needs of the district.

The next work to be asked of the American Red Cross came from Nesle. On August 15, M. Vernes and representatives of the French Red Cross, appealed for Nesle and the villages in the immediate vicinity, in which about 1,200 children are practically without medical facilities of any kind.

Dr. John C. Baldwin, of John's Hopkins, was sent from the Children's Bureau and in company with M. Vernes and the military authorities went over the ground. The story of the villages is most poignant. These villages were retaken by the French in the latter part of March 1917. The Germans on

retiring, systematically looted the country. From the little country farms the enemy took away or destroyed all the furniture, all the bedding, all cooking utensils so dear to the heart of the housewife the world over, and all farm implements. The systematic destruction of the farm implements makes one rage; the same piece was removed from plough after plough so that no patching together of a whole implement was possible. Isolated houses were burned or bombed and in some villages, notably Matigny, Croix, Molineaux and Y no house remains intact and from these villages the little children and the old and sick people were driven forward to meet the advancing French, while the strong able bodied ones were sent to work in Germany. In Mesnil St. Nicaise about 70 native children were found and 20 from nearby totally destroyed villages—a most miserable looking group, none acutely ill but all suffering from ringworm, impetigo, scabies and blepharitis. In Ronville-Grand about 40 children were crowded into the few habitable

houses and all were filthy and infected with skin diseases. They looked stunned and sullen. No smile could be teased from those kiddies. In Voyennes, a larger town of formerly about 900 people, now 450, the Mayor and the school teacher gave most graphic accounts of their village and they begged for help. The Mayor wanted bathing facilities. During the German occupancy each civilian inhabitant had been required to take a shower bath once a week and since March they had been *unwashed*. 170 children were collected there, about half of them native, and 110 of them are going to school. One wonders at the poise of the little French child—or is it just the eternal child eager to learn, that sends these children to school in the midst of devastation and within hearing of the guns. And in all the villages are the old, old people who require much care. They are terrorized, and heartbroken, there is nothing more that life can do for them. They do not seem to be asking for a place to live in, but a place to die in undisturbed! At Nesle, Dr. Baldwin found that the fairly modern tuberculosis pavillon so kindly offered by the Hôtel Dieu de Nesle as a center for the children's work, was most

available. The Hospital proper would formerly accommodate about 100, but the Germans have despoiled it of everything which made it useable. Every bed, every utensil, every instrument has been taken; but the hospital is open and running with a makeshift equipment for 30 beds. The Pavillon in which the children's work is started is a one story building of brick containing eight rooms with two large roofed piazzas for air cure work. The running water in the building, the bathing facilities and the heating apparatus have all been destroyed. The lack of medical facilities at Nesle make the need most acute. The hospital is antiquated and stripped of apparatus.

One aged civilian doctor, with no instruments, drugs or means of conveyance at his disposal, was trying to meet the situation.

The military surgeon of the District has twenty villages to look after besides his military duties; there could be but one answer to such a situation.

Dr. Baldwin came back and made certain definite recommendations which were immediately accepted by the Bureau. The A.R.C. is now establishing a ten bed hospital in the tuberculosis pavilion of the Hotel Dieu with complete equipment which means the re-installation of the running water and the heating system, as well as the hospital equipment. A dispensary is now equipped in connection with that to handle about 40 cases a day and then comes the automobile dispensary to visit all the sad little towns near Nesle and do for them medically all that is possible. This idea of Dr. Lucas, to carry clinics wherever they are needed is a very interesting one in that it will develop medical work throughout the devastated districts.

The automobile dispensary as planned by Dr. Lucas and Dr. Baldwin is going to be a sort of golden chariot from which many good things spring and which the children will love because it is going to have something in it especially for them, which will really *work*—and that is the test for a kiddy. The Ford Camionette has the body made with a seat along one side which may be used to carry the nurse with a sick child back to the hospital, or perhaps a well child will be given a ride now and then as reward for being brave with the American Doctor. Over the seat is a rack for the medicine instrument bags. On the opposite side is a rack for more bulky surgical dressings and splints. Now this miraculous Ford having but one seat there is room on the floor for the shower bath for the children, a most nobby contrivance of jointed wood,

rubber, and highly polished nickle, the kind the children like. Some day we will have a picture of that showerbath in action.

The whole apparatus can be carried into the house where the water is heated on the fire. The tub of warm water is put on the wooden base. Into the tub goes the dirty child, standing; the doctor manipulates the hand pump while the nurse scrubs as the water descends. The length of time is determined by the dirt—as the warm water blackens, the child whitens and at the end, a few pumps from the bucket of cold water gives a hygienic finish to the bath. While one child is being scrubbed, the water for the next bath is being heated. It will mean tact and patience to have a shower bath as one's calling card but the fact that it is an American motor is going to make much of it easy among these grateful people.

Madame Amédée Vernes of the French Red Cross who knows the families in the district has offered her help in launching the enterprise and her voluntary aid is invaluable to the work. Just to show the urgent need of such work, before the new work at Nesle is fairly started, a request from the Inspector of Hygiene of Amiens has come to look over other villages with a view to establishing like centers in other needy districts.

And so at Nesle every afternoon, when the morning clinic is over in the dispensary and the hospital, rounds are made, the doctor and the nurse with an aid will start off the camionette for a visit to the villages nearby and one can imagine how the children, in time, will learn to know the sound of the motor and will wait eagerly for its coming.

It has taken a month for Dr. Baldwin to assemble his equipment and get off. He left for Nesle October 24, with the camionette and staff.

The work at Evian which the American Red Cross has undertaken through the Children's Bureau is to help with the medical care of the rapatriés who are pouring into Evian-les-Bains, on Lake Geneva, 1000 daily. About 60 per cent of these are children, the rest old people. From the point of view of public health, I doubt if there has ever been a situation of larger scope. This little town on the very edge of France, receives a thousand people daily, and these, people depleted and worn out from privation and hardship. The children show the effects of three years of dirt, limited bathing facilities or none, lice, skin lesions of all kinds besides the low food rations on which most of them have been living. These rapatriés have been in

either Belgium or Germany since the Germans took their villages. Now as winter comes on, these many mouths to feed must be gotten rid of, and so the Germans are sending back all those they are unable in any way to use in factory, trench or agriculture.

The little station at Evian gives you a realisation of what war can mean to the civil population, that even a devastated village fails to give. The arrival of the train is most dramatic. It comes slowly into view and the crowd of rapatriés on the platforms begin to cheer, and those in the train crowd the windows and shout and wave their hands calling "Vive la France! Vive la France!" The doors of the train are quickly opened by nurses, our ambulance men, government aides and members of the local committees who are helping, and the train empties quickly. The old women with their precious bundles are so cheerful, it breaks your heart. They try to smile, and look ready for the new demands. The old men seem more depressed. There is a finality about it all for them that you never forget. The children are dirty and tired, but excited and eager to see what is going to happen next.

The sick and the feeble are taken to the ambulances in wheel chairs and on stretchers and our American Red Cross men have a way with them that helps so much with these weary people. They put them into the ambulances, and a big bus for the smallest kiddies and off they go down the little winding street to the Casino. The rest of the crowd go on foot.

At the Casino, the weary people find the big cheerful room full of light, and the colour of the flags everywhere helps to make them realise that they are home at last. The hot meal is ready for them and they take their places quickly and very soon the warmth and kindness of it all reaches their tired hearts and they begin to smile and talk to each other or to you. After a little, the band, made up of rapatriés who are detailed in Evian to help, begin to play some gay stirring French air. The children laugh at first, but the older ones cannot bear it and you see many tears. Then the Prefect of the District speaks to them in a friendly stirring fashion, welcoming them to their country once more and with all the tenderness of the French language, speaks of their sufferings, of the sufferings of France, of the bravery of their soldiers, of the final victory of France. « Vive la France », he shouts in closing, and those homeless people respond with a cheer that blinds and chokes you. You wonder how they can, and yet you see that they must. It helps

them to go on. Then the playing of the Marseillaise; they cannot sing; it sounds at first like a great sob from a heart broken people, but the ringing « Marchons, Marchons... » becomes a cry of victory.

The balcony above is a most interesting place. It is the children's place. While the older people pass into the big room adjoining to go through the long careful process of registering the little ones are taken up to the balcony, checked, and left there to be washed and brushed and amused. There are many tears at first; they fear to be separated from their mothers; but the nurses are so friendly and so kind, and the boxes of glistening toys are so tempting, on their low table just within reach of the small fingers, that the battle is soon won. There are rows of little mattresses on the steps of the balcony that have clean pads and fresh little pillows where sleepy and tired children can rest. But it is too exciting for most of them.

This balcony is rather a critical spot for here is the grave danger of contagion most evident; the skin lesions, the dirty heads, the vermin in their clothes, and it is here that the American Red Cross will begin to help by coöperating with the dispensary just under the balcony, in more care in selection of the children and cleaner methods in handling them, that have been impossible to obtain in the hurry of this daily rush of caring for 1000 people.

The registration is so carefully done and it is so important. The big circular desk at which some 200 government clerks sit, is arranged alphabetically, and the people pass along in line, there is no hurry. Each rapatrié is talked with carefully and kindly, and many stories are listened to. This registration bureau is also in receipt of many enquiries from relatives and friends who are making every effort to get in touch with their own as they come through.



**Under Grandmother's care.
His Mother was held by the Germans**

and each rapatrié's name is instantly referred to that section of the registration, and in a few minutes you may see the telegram or letter delivered to a sweet faced woman or a trembling old man that tells them they are *claimed* by one who knows them and *cares*. You find yourself longing so for many more letters and telegrams than there are. You cannot bear the disappointed look, the sort of dumb resignation that is in many faces.

After their registration, they pass on to another room and there are assigned to their lodging for the night; the dispensary sends the sick men and women and children to the different hospitals and here is where help is needed.

The children are so pathetic, so many of them without their mothers, just sent

along in a crowd in care of older women, and some of them too little to know their names and the old people have forgotten; they come from a certain village and that is all that is known. Many, many of these children are sick and diseased and the arrival in Evian of about 500 children daily presents a most tremendous problem.

Our Children's Bureau is to take charge of the medical end of it. With an acute hospital of 80 beds and several convalescent hospitals near we are going to help these plucky French people with a task they have already undertaken with vigor and foresight.

The Hotel Chatelet and its villas has been taken by the American Red Cross for an acute hospital of 80 to 100 beds, the villas offer accommodation for contagious and observation wards and housing of staff. One convalescent hospital will be developed near Lyons at the Château des Halles which has been given to the American Red Cross by the Council of the Hospices Civils of Lyons. This Château was willed to the above Council by the widow of Monsieur Mangini to be used as a Children's Hospital. War conditions have prevented its use up to this time. These three centers of work Toul, Nesle, and Evian constitute the field work so to speak of the Children's Bureau of the Department of Civil Affairs up to this time. The Paris work is in connection with the dispensaries established by the Rockefeller foundation in the different arrondissements. In each dispensary established, there will be a Children's Department.

Another large field of service which occupies the Children's Bureau is the investigating and answering of the many appeals for financial help received from the numerous organizations for children already doing splendid work here, in Paris, and all over the interior.

Mrs. RICHARDSON LUCAS.

AUGUST 1917

| | |
|---|---------|
| Hospitals aided | 263 |
| Hospital articles and surgical dressings. | 481,561 |
| Cases and bales dispatched | 1,207 |

SEPTEMBER 1917

| | |
|---|-----------|
| Hospitals aided | 322 |
| Hospital articles and surgical dressings. | 2,320,622 |
| Cases and bales dispatched | 2,202 |

| | |
|---|------------|
| Total number of shipments to Hospitals. | 6,595 |
| Total numbers of Hospital articles and surgical dressings dispatched. | 10,336,879 |
| Total number of cases and bales dispatched | 24,415 |

AMERICAN FUND FOR FRENCH WOUNDED

(RECOGNIZED AND APPROVED BY THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT)

122 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

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WORD FROM THE
NANCY BRANCH OF THE A.F.F.W.



"Words fail to express the warm welcome and kind help that Nancy from the highest authorities down, has extended to the new Depot of the American Fund for French Wounded.

"In fact every one has done so much for us that we hardly dare express a wish, even among ourselves. The other morning, on going into the garage for the car, we were greatly surprised to find it had been decorated most beautifully with a small American flag. By discreet questioning we discovered it had been done by order of one of the civil authorities. When we taxed him with having done it, he at first disclaimed all knowledge of it; but finally confessed, saying he wanted everyone to know it was an American car, and that he was sure the flag would make it go better. Incidentally we hope he is right, for there are times when "George" shows signs of his age and the hard work he has done—"George" being our car.

"To return to our Depot. We have been given a large shop in the beautiful old Place Stanislas, which is the wonder and pride of Nancy. With our sign up, and flags (American and French) flying, we are greatly pleased with our quarters, and know that they are going to prove useful as well as ornamental.

"If only our faithful workers at home could see our "shop." Our intention had been to have shelves built around the room, but as it almost impossible as well as very expensive, to get either labour or wood, Monsieur Mirman, the wonderful Prefect of this Department, came to our rescue and solved that difficulty by allowing us to draw on the stock of furniture that little by little he is collecting for the refugees, in order that they may have something to start with when the time comes for these poor souls to go back to their ruined homes. Alas, that time is not yet, but meanwhile we shall make good use of the tables and chairs and wardrobes that have been so kindly lent us. The wardrobes make splendid places to stack our supplies, all sorted and neatly arranged; the shelves are fairly bulging. That won't last long, however; once we are really started and it becomes known that the *Comité Américain* is on the spot, the demands will be very great. This means that the Committees at home will have to double their efforts for we mean to work very hard.

"It is somewhat of a new field down here, and already the American supplies have made a deep impression, and a great hit. We have put a few of the choice bits in our show window—pretty cushions, pyjamas with our flag on the pockets, shirts decorated with a tri-color bow, one

that makes a great success with a polly embroidered on it, vests, with handkerchiefs and pretty cards, sweaters, and *cache-nez*. Indeed it was difficult to make a choice from all the wonderful things you send us.

"These little touches please and mean so much to the poor wounded soldier, and also to the French people, who understand and appreciate the sentiment that prompts the act. As for Comfort Bags they are wild over them; so please be good and send lots. When visiting a hospital you don't know how dreadful it is not to have enough for all. The soldiers who do not get any look so wistful and disappointed it makes your heart ache; and you long for a bottomless purse in order to be able to give these brave sufferers the little gifts that help to cheer their long hours, days and months.

"In my hospital visiting I have frequently had several of the men show me with the greatest pride and pleasure the worn and almost empty little bag that the "kind American ladies" had sent them six months and even a year ago, still treasured and kept. Can you ask for greater appreciation than that?

"After three years of this dreadful war, these splendid men who have fought so bravely and suffered so much need all we can do for them; not only in the way of necessary comforts, but also a little "spoiling." Surely they deserve it, and we are ready to give it."

Nancy (M.-et-M.), September 20, 1917.

M. L. DAWSON.

Perhaps one word explaining the nature of the "Nancy Branch" might interest the readers of Mrs. Dawson's letter about our latest undertaking. The Paris Depot of the American Fund for French Wounded is the center of all supplies which come from our hundreds of Committees in America. So large has our Organization become, however, that we do not confine our efforts to the work in Paris alone. Whenever we find a Department that contains many hospitals (especially a locality which is a little remote from the center of things) we begin to study conditions there. We keep in close touch with the *Sarvice de Santé* who keeps us informed where the hospital work lies for the moment. Our next step is then to go to these places, visit the French officials, confer with them as to the advisability of establishing a new branch of our work, etc. This often means a trip of hundreds and hundreds of miles but it is far better to establish these small depots after being assured that our help is to be of value. The next step is to ship large supplies from our Paris Depot to our new center which we call a "Branch Depot." One finds in many remote corners of France a minute Alcazar where we have from two to half a dozen excellent workers and one or two motors. It takes perhaps a month for our representatives to become friends of the hospital officials but after that time we are *persona grata* with all the civil and military authorities in the district. The friendly sign "Comité Américain pour les Blessés Français" goes up over the door of our "shop" the first day and the two flags indicate a warm welcome for everyone in the need of hospital or emergency relief. Nancy should be an important work and we boldly beg our loyal supporters to help us in this undertaking which lies just back of the firing line.

The accompanying photograph shows the beautiful old square in which a German aeroplane was brought down but a few days ago. The cross indicates the position of our Branch "office" and the close proximity of our work to the line of the enemy will surely add zest for those who are working at home. Monsieur Mirman, the famous Prefet of Nancy, is jubilant over our coming and we have already received some generous checks which we have placed in the "Mirman Fund." Money thus sent will be spent in the relief of any emergency that comes within our notice; no case, however small, will be turned from our doors if we have a penny with which to meet it. Since the beginning of our work in 1915 we have never turned away an emergency call and we hope you may help us in upholding the reputation we have gained. Christmas will soon be here and there are two thousand little children from the invaded districts of France who are being sheltered by this same good man at Nancy. Could we not furnish them with gifts which will mark a happy day, December 25th? We shall gladly pass on what you send to them; shall we not do it?

Alcazar d'Eté, Paris, September 25.

ISABEL STEVENS LATHROP,

President.

DISPENSARIES!!

WHEN the necessity came for taking up **Dispensary Work** as an essential branch of the hospital depots of the A.F.F.W., these, our Branch Depots, formed the nucleus of the undertaking. To walk into a French village with a note-book and offer help in a cold-blooded way is one thing; to open an attractive little dispensary where two or three cheerful, clean, American nurses and aids are moving about among modern American conveniences, is another thing. A social worker is also affixed to every dispensary, and every emergency-want of the unfortunate peasant is attended to immediately. The funds are given by donors or committees in America. In acknowledgment of this generosity the name of the donor or committee is placed on the sign and put in the records as "Gift of X." Thus far these dispensaries have been the gift of Chicago, Winnetka, Baltimore, St. Paul and Minneapolis. **A model dispensary** can be



started in any part of France for \$4,000, this amount guaranteeing the proper maintenance, medicines, rent, lights, initial equipment of instruments, tables, basins, running water, heat, etc. for a year at least.

For each dispensary we need an excellent trained nurse, speaking French if possible, and whose cost of \$150.00 per month must be added to the initial expenses. People of means in America who can not come themselves, might perhaps send trained nurses who would welcome such work; through each establishment thousands of lives would be benefited.

We are to be found **throughout Lorraine**, and we are now establishing, in the heart of France, other dispensaries to meet the sudden and terrible needs attendant on the wholesale evacuation of towns in the north.

We are opening a dispensary at the **Lafayette Château, Chavagnac**, and the next request comes from **Bayonne**; the **American Fund for French Wounded** thus reaching out its arms to children from the Vosges to the Bay of Biscay.

DO NOT DELAY!

SEND

A CHEQUE OR YOUR MITE

FOR THE

DISPENSARIES

OF THE

American Fund for French Wounded

ALCAZAR D'ÉTÉ, PARIS

Croix Rouge Américaine
Comité Américain ^{et} pour les Blessés Français
 **DISPENSAIRE** 
FEMMES ET ENFANTS
DON WINNETKA U.S.A. Mardi et Vendredi 2-5 P.M.

ONE OF OUR POSTERS

AMERICAN FUND FOR FRENCH WOUNDED

(COMITÉ AMÉRICAIN POUR LES BLESSÉS FRANÇAIS)

RECOGNISED AND APPROVED BY THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT

COOPERATING WITH THE AMERICAN RED CROSS

ALCAZAR D'ÉTÉ, AVENUE GABRIEL, (CHAMPS-ÉLYSÉES), PARIS

MONTHLY REPORT

Vol. III.

NOVEMBER, DECEMBER 1917, JANUARY 1918

No. 23.

Stages in the Journey of an A.F.F.W. Case in France



A Loaded Camion Leaves the Alcazar for the Gare



Soldier Helpers in One of the Branch Depots



"Envoi du Comité Américain"—A Postal-card Sent Us by a Hospital



Sunlight Treatment of Wounds—A.F.F.W. Supplies Help

Songs and Socks and Sacs Surprises



These are the Sort of Men Who Enjoy Your Surprise Bags

OVER the snowy roofs of Nancy Christmas day broke clear and crisp and sparkling. In its early light familiar objects took on an unnatural bulk and sharpness of outline. Stanislas's statue appeared to dominate the "Place" with more heroic mien than usual, the Hôtel de Ville loomed strangely huge and impressive, while beyond, the twin towers of the Cathedral rose against a clear blue sky as sharply silhouetted as the frosted steeples on a Christmas postal card.

Muffled warmly in fur caps and coats against the cold, and armed with an enormous canvas sack bulging with comfort bags, which in turn bulged with all sorts of useful and amusing small gifts for our blessés, we waited in the snow before the big glass window of our American Fund for French Wounded depot. Through the glass we could see, spread out and bedecked in Christmassy fashion with sprigs of evergreen and mistletoe, a profusion of articles from overseas: knitted sweaters and mufflers, warm woolen blankets, hot water bottles, rubber gloves, packages of cut gauze and compresses and roller bandages, worsted caps, slings, gay colored slippers, surprise bags half opened and spilling their contents out across the table, pyramids of socks and handkerchiefs, pyjamas, rolls of cotton, wristlets, bathrobes, dayshirts, a gramophone—everything to warm the heart and add to the comfort of a sick poilu.

Presently through a crunching of snow sounded the drumming of a motor

and around the corner came our Fund touring car, trim red crosses painted on its gray sides, and B., in a furry aviator's helmet, at the wheel. We loaded sacs and packages into the tonneau of the car among extra bidons of essence and oil, forming a mound of such unwieldy proportions that we were obliged to sit crosslegged atop it if we would ride at all. M. climbed in beside our driver and we were off toward the front on our Christmas mission of visiting the small ambulances scattered behind the lines.

At the beginning of the "Zone Avancée" we were stopped by a grizzled sentry who barred the way with a gun from which projected a long and glittering bayonet. We came to a prompt halt, but, as always, the magic formula, "Comité Américain pour les Blessés Français," proved an open sesame.

Five or six kilometres behind the lines the little ambulance at B. lay snugly in a fold of the hills beside the railroad tracks. The médecin chef and his staff were not at all expecting Santa Claus in the shape of four American girls in an automobile. Indeed they were quite astonished at sight of us, but proportionately delighted as we explained in our best French the object of our visit. Everybody fell to and helped unload the car and presently, having divested ourselves of our multitudinous outer wrappings in the médecin chef's office, we were ready with armfuls of Christmas bags to embark upon the rounds of the various wards.

At times one is seized with a discour-

aging doubt as to whether one's poor small efforts are of any account whatever in these bitter wartimes. From home come occasional disparaging letters, "Do the soldiers really get any comfort or pleasure out of cretonne bags full of American knick-knacks? It seems so futile, for instance, to put in a yellow soap Kewpie or a jig-saw puzzle. Wouldn't it be better to turn the same amount of money over to some organization, etc., etc."

I wish those far off friends in the U.S.A. might have looked through a magic glass that Christmas morning and followed their comfort bags as we distributed them down the long lines of hospital cots. They could not have doubted the joy and shy gratitude with which they were received. To see the rows of pale, weary faces at every bed side, to note the slow, surprised smiles spreading into real grins as we dumped the contents of the gay little bags out upon the counterpanes and held up each article for inspection or explanation, to pour with them over the enclosed post card of the sender and translate its message of cheer or greeting was at once pathetic and inspiring.

There were comparisons of gifts between bed and bed, chuckles and laughter and delighted comments, much rallying of the "copain" who drew from his sac a china ballet lady, very pink and much beruffled. I found myself constantly between tears and laughter.

One big blond poilu with smiling eyes lay quietly watching the others. His own sac lay untouched beside him. "But you haven't looked in your bag yet," I said, pretending great astonishment. "Aren't you curious to see what's inside?" "Mais oui, Mademoiselle," he said with his gentle *sourire de fillette*, "but I have no longer arms, you see." Ashamed of my tactlessness I hastened to open the bag for him—it was a bright blue one with orange moons and black owls depicted on it, I remember—and arranged its treasures carefully so that he could see them all. Then, though goodness knows I am no adept, I managed to light a cigarette and put it between his lips. It took not a little courage to perform such an act gaily and naturally; how much more courage it must have taken to receive it in like manner.

I had brought along my little Hawaiian ukulele and A. and I, dropping our roles of Saint Nicolas for the moment, became strolling minstrels. Surely those improvised wards had never before rung to the tunes of "Down by the Old Mill Stream" and "Some Folks Say Dat a

"Nigger Won't Steal" or "When the Midnight Choo-choo Leaves for Alabam'." Though the poilus could not have had the least idea of who or what "My Honolulu Tomboy" was they caught the ragtime swing of it and kept emphatic time with heads and hands. Ah, but when it came to "Madelon" and "Tout le Long de la Tamise" they felt themselves on familiar French ground and how they did shout the choruses in all sorts of voices and with what wide latitude of accuracy.

I like to think that perhaps doing our Christmas bit in the way of music and surprise bags from home put fresh courage into the hearts of those brave wounded men. Indeed I am sure it did, for as we passed back through the wards to regain the médecin chef's office we were greeted on every side by brightened faces and warm smiles and calls of, "Vive l'Amérique!"

By this time it was nearing twelve o'clock and nothing would do but the four of us must stay and take luncheon with the médecin chef and his staff at

their "popote." Despite racial and temperamental differences I am more and more convinced that between us and the French there is a deep, close bond of sympathy. As they naively express it, "nous sommes joliment bien ensemble."

Then the open road again and the clean, cold air whipping the blood into our cheeks as we sped along to our next destination, located this time in quite another and distant secteur of the back of the front.

An orderly swinging a lantern came out to see what we wanted and when we had explained he gladly helped us in with our remaining comfort bags. There were 35 patients here, the greater number gas cases, men with drawn parchment colored faces who could only whisper or look their thanks for the sacs surprises we held out to them. Two or three convalescents grouped about a stove in the centre of the room wore violent hued blanket bathrobes suggesting Navaho Indian tales, but I had unpacked too many of them at our Fund headquarters in Paris not to recognise

at a glance and with a curiously friendly feeling a nice woolly A.F.F.W. bathrobe.

I doubted when the moment came if A. and I should really be able to carry through our repertoire of jolly and rollicking songs, but once started the eager eyes and lips which whisperingly followed the words of the songs they knew gave us courage so that we sang on and on, only to be stopped eventually and with difficulty by the others who feared we might wear out the blesses as well as our welcome.

Darkness had already fallen as we made our way out to the car, empty handed now save for a few left-over bags. In our headlights yellow glare the frosty clump of evergreens by the gate glistened like wet silver.

Tucked snugly in the machine with army blankets doing service as carriage robes, A. snuggled down against me and murmured comfortably, "Home, James," and presently we were gliding noiselessly off through the snowy darkness towards Nancy, which means for us, temporarily at least, "home."

Two Leaves from a Delegate's Diary

NEAR the town of S. in a little valley under the snow capped mountains, eleven hundred soldiers were coming home on leave. They were a happy lot of men, singing, cheering, leaving war behind them. Suddenly there was a scarcely perceptible jar, and then slowly, at first not noticeably, the train began to gain momentum. As it passed the stations, never stopping, the soldiers saw from the windows the scared faces of the people watching the train flash by. The heavy cars had broken from the engine, the brakes would not work, and at a turn of the rails the whole train piled up in wreckage worse than any battle field. Fire broke out and many were killed. The rest, wounded, their clothes torn from them, were carried to the hospital of S. Here we visited them, bringing gifts from the American Fund. Our meager supply of tobacco was showered upon them with prodigal hands. One could see their drawn faces relax even as they lighted the cigarettes. The little comfort seemed for a moment to dominate the great pain. The gentle sisters of charity, who are the nurses in the hospital, told us the story of the wreck, and begged the American Fund to replenish their stores, as the accident had exhausted their supplies almost to the last bandage.

In the neighborhood of Chambéry there is a Belgian hospital for tuberculosis. The soldiers are from the invaded countries and even if they recover from

their illness they have no homes to go to; they drift along, apparently caring little about the future. For months no visitors had been near the place and when we arrived the men could not believe it possible that we had come voluntarily, and that we were bringing presents for them. They nearly wept when they saw the gay and useful contents of the surprise bags we distributed. Then we announced that we would

adopt the hospital and that the American Fund would be marraine to the Belgian soldiers while we remained in Chambéry. Thanks to the generosity of friends at home a library has been established and magazines subscribed for; our fine, tin, germ-proof phonograph has been loaned them, the spirit of depression has been chased from that dreary old place and the men themselves will keep it out.



Convalescence, Plus Sunshine, Games and Magazines, is not Altogether Disagreeable

The Alcazar Then and Now

HAVE you ever walked up the Champs-Élysées on a warm summer evening under the stars and the moonlight "avant la guerre"? What an extravagant impression of lights and colour; costumes, music and thoughtless gaiety. Here all that was maddest and wildest and newest in Europe sought an ever-changing but ever-faithful audience.

On the left, buried in masses of foliage, was *Le Doyen* with thousands of shaded candles glowing over a snowy array of tables spread under the stars. The lights of the *Ambassadeurs* gleamed on the right; the Automobile Club and the palace of the President were on the other side and just beyond was the most brilliant spot of all—a fairy-land glittering under the trees. Here was an out-of-door theatre, sparkling before an audience drawn from the four quarters of the earth.

The theatre is one of the relics of changing Paris life. It is older than the Republic and remembers the famous *Mabille*, where our grandfathers—but let us hope not our grandmothers—danced and flirted. A Bouillon was added to the theatre for the Exhibition of '89. This was rebuilt later and became one of the best-known restaurants of Paris, *l'Alcazar d'Été*. Here you could dine indoors or out, surrounded with soft-glowing candles, snowy linen, Japanese lanterns, sparkling glass and silver, hats at every angle, feathers of every colour, wraps of every shade, gleaming shoulders and flashing eyes, rouge and powder *ad libitum*; while a dozen singers and dancers awaited your pleasure on the out-of-door stage.

This is what you could have seen and done in 1914 before the fatal second of August. It is February 1918, now.

There are many motors before the door just as there used to be

door, just as there used to be; but look again. The first two bear the Red Cross, the following one is a huge camion from the American Clearing House, another is a delivery car loaded high with hospital supplies, and so on. For the light and brilliant *Alcazar d'Été* of 1914 is now the American Fund for French Wounded. If you go in you may still half expect to find the usual scene of lights and feathers, rouge and poudre de riz, black coats and white shirt fronts. But what a difference!

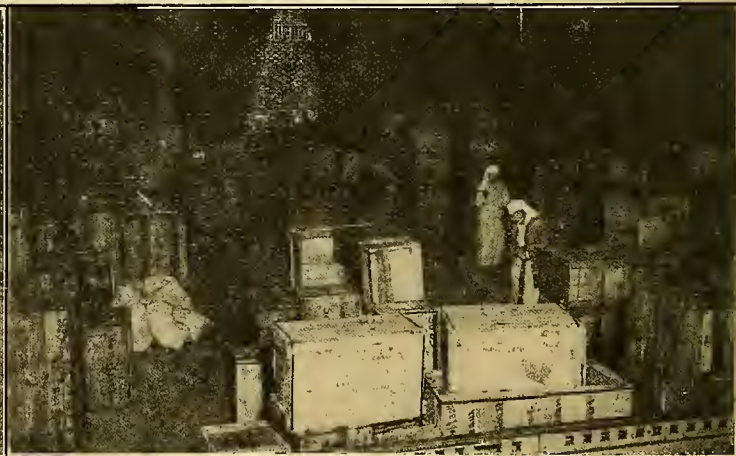
The tables are all changed to packing cases; some full, some half empty, with busy women in blue aprons and white caps bending over them. Instead of the violins and the one-steps you hear the noise of the hammer sealing up cases to go to the wounded Frenchmen who may be lying nearby in Paris, far away in Brittany, close up to the lines in Picardy or in Algeria or Salonica; for wherever a French soldier lies with fevered cheek or crippled limbs, even if on a bit of straw in a little poste de secours under the German guns, the American Fund can reach him—you can reach him.

The walls are lined with shelves. The big room on the right is filled with cases and used for unpacking. Here the supplies are sorted and distributed to their proper compartments. Instead of the latest waltz or selections from "Madame Butterfly," "by special request," these are the legends you read: "Medical Supplies," "Dressings," "Pillows," "Cases," "Socks," "Gilets," "Sheets," "Bed Socks," and so on through the whole list of hospital needs. Upstairs on the balcony, tables used to surround the great hall. The tables are still there, yes even the ladies are there; but the flowers, the wine-baskets, the gleaming glass and silver have given way to typewriters which

never stop. The hum of the typewriter is the violin of the new orchestra and the beat of the hammer has taken the place of the piano accompaniment.

Come and look at the theatre. What a picture! The great floor space is covered with unending piles of cases. Cases, cases, cases, nothing but cases, and they tell the tale of generous thoughts of senders from overseas. Look at the stage, cases, cases, always cases. The lights and colour and scenery are gone, the gaunt machinery alone remains and the stage stares out with sightless eyes like a skeleton of the past. All that is left of the songs and the lights, is a stucco nymph who still dances and smiles as in the past over a sea of—American packing cases. Over a pile of dressings and bandages is—"Bock 30 centimes."

If you were up in a aeroplane and could look over the long line of trenches stretching across Europe, you could see every day thousands of strong young figures in the height of health and strength suddenly pierced by bullets, torn by shrapnel or wrecked by mines and the great German guns; fall and lie motionless, blue-grey spots in the dust or the icy mud. You can help pick them up, give them a bandage and keep them warm in the poste de secours or the hospital. You can reach them wherever they fall, wherever they are sent and the way to do so is to keep in touch with the *Alcazar d'Été*. It used to be nothing but pleasure, it should be pleasure and duty now. Here on this very spot, France poured out the song and the champagne, the fun and the music and the laughter for you, and now, with the same generosity, the same grace and the same smile, she is pouring out her blood. Here on this very spot you can help to staunch it and help bind up her wounds.



There are Many Motors before the Door just as there Used to be

The Theater—a Sea of American Packing Cases



It is to Villages like this that the Winnetka Dispensary Makes its Weekly Visits

THREE months ago the first American women opened a travelling dispensary service in six villages near Nancy in the Meurthe-et-Moselle. The weather was very cold, when it was not wet and foggy. The roads were slippery and full of holes from the rough usage of military convois. Sanitary conditions were not of the most modern. Now, after three months, it is possible to write about this reconstruction work which is being done within sound of the guns.

The maires in the six villages suggested by the Préfet, M. Mirman, at the beginning of the work have arranged for the rooms where the dispensaries are held. The first is a village several miles out of Nancy and there over a door is a large sign, "Winnetka Dispensary." The town lies along the banks of the canal. It presents a sorry sight in the gray of the morning as the camionette stops at the bridge to allow the crotchety old sentinel to examine the papers of the Doctor and driver. The nurses are waved aside; he only wants to be reassured that it really is "Les Dames Américaines" coming to the empty usine a short distance beyond.

The young chauffeuse helps the nurses out of the camionette where they have been sitting in the back on stiff benches. She carries in her strong arms the heavy trunk loaded with precious instruments and supplies. All the equipment came from Chicago with the personnel of the unit and is held more and more precious as it has become evident that it cannot be replaced here.

Two rooms in the factory have been put at the disposal of the unit and they have already assumed a certain air of efficiency. The squat, round stove in the front room is burning merrily. There rough wooden benches fill rapidly with prospective patients. Where they all come from no one knows but the news that the Doctor has arrived seems to have flown. The manner in which their eyes follow her as she comes through the door shows the adoration

Dispensaries Behind the Firing Line

in which they hold her. We follow into the inner room. A small gas stove is lighted and a great container of water set to boil. Sanitary pans of white enamel, cups filled with disinfecting solutions, cotton and gauze are laid out.

"Is the water boiling? All right, Madame, send in the baby." The Doctor turned from the nurse who was buttoning her surgical apron. I wondered if she were about to pop the baby into the boiling water. Instead she took the wee thing from its mother and laid it on the table. How it screamed as her skilful fingers removed layer after layer of swaddling cloth and the bandages applied on her last visit. To my novice eyes the sight revealed was terrible but the nurses crowded about to see and congratulate the mother on the marvellous improvement.

"You see these mothers put mustard plasters on these tender little things when they have colds and burn them badly. This is a third degree and still bad, but coming out nicely. There, maintenant, c'est fini," she soothed the baby tenderly as she applied fresh ointment.

The little French woman who had come all the way from Winnetka with the Doctor to share in this service for her beloved land was greeting the patients in the outer room. She could be heard laughingly encouraging the timid or vigorously scolding some careless child. The Doctor early made it known that only clean hands and faces would receive the pink candy lozenges or little bottles of tonic.

It is easy to tell the old patients. The way in which the small boys in black sateen smocks and little girls with tight braids, and little knitted shoulder capes line up for eye treatment is quite military. The Doctor turns each face to the light and administers the treatment with dispatch. The nurse deftly slips a bit of cotton on each eye as it screws itself shut at the first sting. "Appuie, mon petit, appuie," and dirty little fingers are substituted for hers. Rather reluctantly the eye cases give up the bits of cotton and are shoved out of the room. They did so want to stay and watch René.

When the Doctor had said, "Tirez la langue", to him he had not received the "Bon" of approval but had been set aside for a higher mark of her favor. The Doctor called Madame from the



Dr. Brown, Mme. Delebeque, Miss Mitchell, the Camion and Some of the Dispensary Patients

other room to explain in detail that there was a bad tooth, that it should come out and just why it was necessary. "Would he like the Doctor to pull it? Would he be brave and not cry?" In this clinic nothing is ever done that might frighten or mislead. René consents. He, too, is an adventurer. The Doctor motions to the nurse who comes with towel and enamel pan. It is all over in a minute. René blinks and relaxes his tense little shoulders. "Bien, très bien. You're a soldat, all right. Un brave soldat," commends the general of this clinic.

I peeped outside to see what was going on. Old grandmothers with seamy, wrinkled faces sat clicking their knitting needles. Mothers with small children pushed them away and joined in the gossip that was in full swing about the stove. The little girls shyly watched the nurse who came and went, choosing and carrying off her patient with a diplomacy they could not unravel. There, all the evidences of bad food and dirt, the inevitable consequences of conditions with which refugees are forced to contend, and the ills that flesh inherits from that combination, make up a day's record. While the nurses are undressing the babies, cutting hair, preparing salves for infected skin cases, the Doctor steps into the big room and closes the door behind her. This is her chance with mothers and grandmothers, older sisters and eager children sitting before her. Impressively she calls their attention. "Madame, tell them all why children have sore spots, these 'bobos,' why they have worms, why they must care for their teeth." In rapid French Madame delivers a wholesome little lecture on simple hygiene. They sit and listen eagerly but their eyes are on that white aproned woman whose strong presence has brought a new hope into their lives.

A young girl brings in her first baby. It is as sweet and clean as one could wish. She proudly unwinds it and shows us the embroidered bib and the chain about its neck with a Jeanne d'Arc

medal. "Our youngest baby. It was only thirteen days old when we first saw it. Poor little starved thing, it could not get the proper food, but now look." The Doctor proudly turns the plump, pink infant over in her firm hands. The little chest and arms are the best answer to the question, *what has the dispensary accomplished?*

Then comes fourteen year old Germaine with the five younger children a dying mother left her to look after while the father was off at war. They kick off their muddy sabots and stand in line while pulses are counted and eyelids examined. Six tongues come out at the word of command, teeth are looked over and the usual questions asked by the interpreter. "Nothing but bad food," grumbles the Doctor. "I wish I could bundle them all up and take the whole family to an Illinois farm." "Café?" she enquires. "Oui." "No coffee, comprenez-vous? Café, non. Choco-

lat, oui, mais café, non." A family bottle of tonic does for them. They carry it off as though it were a prize and one imagines the pleasure with which the big sister will dose them all that night.

Then it is time to close. The morning hours have flown. There have been so many to record and examine as well as treat that the three nurses and Madame have had to call on the chauffeur to help. We are late for lunch but the benefactress of the village has come in to pay her respects. She never misses a dispensary and her deep interest in her fellow townfolk is touching. She seeks to learn all she can of methods and efficiency and in turn she is a mountain of strength to the Doctor.

The next village is in the midst of activity both industrial and military. The clinic is held in the upper rooms of a house overlooking a trim little vegetable garden. The nearest building is a usine, the windows of which were prac-

tically all shattered in the last raid.

In the opposite direction the dispensary is held in a village that has been cruelly victimized by war. It is only 600 metres from the German first line trenches. When the Doctor and nurses go there they wear helmets and gas masks. They cross the bridge one by one so that the boches will not see them.

The American Red Cross and the A.F.F.W. are engaged in a conflict that has its ups and downs of victory. But this is the hour to strike. Every mother heart in France is stirred to keep the child she has borne and to bear others worthy to serve France. The eagerness with which they crowd about for help, their eager efforts to carry out advice prove that no work in the whole realm of service is more productive of results. If only strength and supplies will hold out until reinforcements of Peace and Prosperity can come.

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